DYNAMITE®

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY-SIX

DARICK 2009

DYNAMITEENTERTAINMENT.COM

7 25130 12991 8

$2.99

Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY-SIX

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Colored by:
TONY AVIÑA

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Lettered by:
SIMON BOWLAND

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

DYNAMITE® ENTERTAINMENT

FOR DYNAMTE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE
COMICS
888-COMIC-BOOK
comicshoplocator.com

THE BOYS, VOLUME 1 #36. First printing. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 155 Ninth Avenue, Suite B, Runnemede, NJ 08078.

Copyright © 2009 Spitfire Productions Ltd. and Darick Robertson. All Rights Reserved. THE BOYS, all characters, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related elements are trademarks of Spitfire Productions, Ltd. and Darick Robertson. DYNAMITE, DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT and its logo are ® & © 2009 DFI. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes.

For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamiteentertainment.com

Printed in Canada.

"ALL RIGHT, SO THE BLOKE'S GOT A CUNT FOR A WIFE--THAT'S HARDLY HIS FAULT, IS IT?"

"GO ON."

"HE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS A CRACKHEAD WHEN HE MARRIED HER. HE GOT HER UP THE DUFF AN' HE WAS TRYNNA DO THE DECENT THING; THE LAST THING HE EXPECTED WAS SHE WAS GONNA DO A RUNNER WITH THE KID..."

"AND YOU WANT TO HELP HIM FIND HER."

"BLEEDIN' RIGHT I DO, HE'S WORTH IT. THERE'S ABSOLUTELY ***NOTHIN'*** GETS PAST HIM. WE'VE ALL THE MUSCLE WE NEED WITH FRENCHIE AN' THIS LUNATIC JAP BIRD, BUT IF WE'RE GONNA MAKE THIS WORK WE NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN SNIFF STUFF OUT-- SOMEONE WHO TAKES THE TIME TO ***DO THE WORK...***"

"IF HE'S SO SMART, HOW COME HE DIDN'T REALISE HE WAS MARRYING A DRUG ADDICT?"

"WELL NOBODY'S FUCKIN' PERFECT, ARE THEY?"

NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD

part two

YOU REALLY THINK WE'LL LOSE HIM...?

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING ON DOING, EXACTLY?

C'MON, YOU SAW HIM YOURSELF. HE'S CLIMBIN' THE WALLS OUT THERE.

HANDLIN' IT.

WELL, THAT RIGHT THERE IS AS MUCH AS I EVER WANT TO KNOW.

OKAY.

ALL RIGHT, MATE, WE'RE IN BUSINESS.

YEAH, SORTED.

YEAH...?

JANINE.

OH, RIGHT.

BETTER ONE.

AYE...

USED TO HAVE A PICTURE OF HER MOTHER, BUT I WIPED MY ASS WITH IT.

MADE HER LOOK BETTER, AS I RECALL.

THIS IS THE GODDAMN F.B.I. DATABASE--SHIT, THIS IS SOME FUCKED-UP CORNER OF IT YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO EVEN GO NEAR!

MM...THIS DON'T WORK THERE'S THE D.E.A., BUT THE FEDS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SWING IT...

HOW THE FUCK YOU GET ACCESS TO THIS SHIT?

SAME WAY WE GET 'EM ALL.

MAN, I AIN'T EVEN BEEN WIT' YOU DUDES A YEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANNA--

YOU'VE HAD A GOOD YEAR. ***RADAR RAIDER'D*** STILL BE GIVIN' BIRDS THE OL' ARSE INJECTED DEATH SYNDROME, IF YOU HADN'T TWIGGED THE CONNECTION.

LYTTLE...TWO OF 'EM. ONE IN SAN QUENTIN FOR THE LAST EIGHT YEARS AN' THE OTHER ONE ACCESS RESTRICTED, I THINK WE'VE FOUND YOUR WIFE'S EX...

WELL, THAT'S HIS NAME...

HE SHIFTS ENOUGH GEAR TO AFFORD A FIRST-CLASS PLANE TICKET FOR HER, THESE LADS'LL'VE TAKEN AN INTEREST.

RESTRICTED: I BET THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT HIM SET UP AS AN INFORMANT...

HELLO, ***MONKEY***...!

...YEAH, I KNOW RAYNER'S ON THE WAY UP AN' I KNOW SHE'LL TAKE YOU WITH HER, BUT YOU WANNA KNOW ALL THAT REALLY MEANS?

IT MEANS, MONKEY, THAT I'LL HAVE TO KNOCK ON ONE EXTRA DOOR AT THE MOST BEFORE I FIND YOU--AN' WHEN I DO I'LL KICK YOUR BOLLOCKS 'TIL THEY RING OUT THE BELLS OF SAINT CLEMENS, ***NOW 'PHONE THE FUCKIN' F.B.I....!***

YOU KNOW HOW HE IS.

HOW HE CARRIES YOU ALONG, YOU AIN'T READY FOR HIM.

LONG STORY SHORT, THIS MUTHAFUCKA LYTTLE BASED IN OAKLAND. HE PARTA SOME FED STING OPERATION THEY GOT GOIN' ON--HE GIVES THEM A HEADS-UP ON SHIT FROM TIME TO TIME, THEY LOOK THE OTHER WAY FOR HIM.

'THIS POINT, BUTCHER GETS MALLORY TO CALL IN A FAVOR. LYTTLE'S HANDLER TURNS UP THE PRESSURE AN' HE SAYS YEAH, HE GOT JANINE AN' HER MOTHER. AN' YEAH, HE GONNA GIVE UP THE KID IF I COME GET HER, BUT HE AIN'T TOO PLEASED ABOUT THAT--WHICH GIVES YOU A IDEA A' THE KINDA PULL MALLORY USED TO HAVE, IF NOTHIN' ELSE.

I GOTTA ADMIT, I AM FUCKIN' IMPRESSED. I TRIED IT MY WAY AN' THE TRAIL WENT COLD AT J.F.K.

ANYHOW.

TWO THINGS: ONE, THE FEDS AIN'T HAPPY ABOUT THIS AT ALL. WE'VE GOT AN ADDRESS FOR THE CUNT AN' HE'S BEEN TOLD NOT TO DO ANYTHING DAFT, BUT...

I GO TO GET JANINE, I'M ON MY OWN?

ALMOST.

YOU AIN'T GOTTA--

TWO, LYTTLE'S MEANT TO BE RUNNIN' A SIDELINE IN COKE LACED WITH *V.* HIM AN' HIS BOYS'RE SAMPLIN' THE MERCHANDISE, FUCK KNOWS WHAT WE'LL BE WALKIN' INTO.

YOU WANT THE WINDOW SEAT OR THE AISLE?

NORTONS PINK SOX

JUS' HIM.

HMH. BLACK MAN.

'CEPT... HOW BLACK YOU REALLY, YO' MASTERS DONE WHAT THEY DONE TO GET YOU UP IN HERE?

MUST BE ***REAL*** PLEASED WIT' YOU, SON. YOU GOTTA BE THEY MUTHAFUCKIN' HOUSE NIGGA.

BUT THAT AIN'T WHAT GOT ME RILED UP. YOU WANNA SUCK SOME WHITE DICK, YOU SUCK IT.

AIN'T EVEN WHAT I GOTTA ***DO.*** SHIT, YO' CUNT WIFE SO HIGH RIGHT NOW SHE AIN'T COMIN' DOWN 'TIL I DON'T FUCKIN' KNOW WHEN: TAKE WHAT I WANT FROM HER, SHE AIN'T EVEN GONNA SEE IT GONE.

AN' FUCK, YOU THINK I ***WANT*** WHAT YOU COME FOR? WHAT THE FUCK I GONNA DO WIT' SHIT LIKE THAT?

BUT WHEN YO' CUNT COME ***DOWN***...AN' SHE SEE LITTLE CUNT ***JUNIOR*** AIN'T AROUND NO MORE...AN' THEN I GOTTA EXPLAIN WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED AN' MAKE SHIT RIGHT--WHICH AIN'T GONNA BE NO SIMPLE FUCKIN' THING...

WHEN I GOTTA DO ALL THAT INSTEADA FUCKIN' THAT HO' TWENNY-FOUR-SEVEN, THE ONLY GODDAMN THING SHE ANY GOOD FOR, THE WHOLE ENTIRE REASON I TOOK HER ASS AWAY FROM YOU INNA FIRST PLACE--***NOW*** YOU FUCKIN' SEE JUS' WHY I MIGHT BE ***GETTIN' RILED***...?

YO.

GIMME A DOLLAR.

HOW YOU EVEN KNOW SHE YOURS?

FUCKIN' *ARMY* A' NIGGAS BUSTED A NUT IN THAT BITCH, LITTLE CUNT JUNIOR MIGHT COME FROM ANY ONE A' THEM.

SHIT, MIGHT EVEN BE MINE.

SAID GIMME A DOLLAR.

COME ON, MATE, LET'S NOT DO THIS...

LOOK, BOYS, THIS AIN'T--

WHO THE FUCK YOU CALLIN' BOY, MUTHAFUCKA?!

GIVE HIM A DOLLAR.

GIMME ONE TOO.

SHIT. BIT OF A TRANSATLANTIC CROSS-CULTURAL MISUNDERSTANDIN' THERE, I THINK.

SAY *WHAT*--?

NEVER MIND.

THAT SHIT HIT HOME, HUH?

THAT SHIT BURNIN'.

CHILL, MUTHAFUCKA. AIN'T NOBODY GETTIN' GOT TODAY.

SHIT I GOT HERE *WAY* TOO SWEET TO BE FUCKIN' WIT' WHOEVER OWN YO' BITCH ASS.

'COURSE, THEM DAWNA THE DEAD-LOOKIN' CRACKHEAD ASSHOLES OUT THERE, KEEPIN' WHITE BOY COMPANY--

I AIN'T QUITE SURE THEY GOT THE MEMO.

GET OFF HIM!

FUCKIN' DIRTY-ASS SCUMBAG MUTHAFUCKAS, GET THE FUCK OFF HIM!

OFF!!

OH, FUCK ME--

OH OH ONLY

ONLY HURTS WHEN I LAUGH MATE

HA HA HA HA HA

LET ME GUESS: HE'S NEVER ONCE MENTIONED IT.

HE JUST LEAVES IT SORTA...HANGIN' THERE.

YOU FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME?

"'ERE! WHAT ABAHT THE TOIME OI GOT ME BLEEDIN' 'EAD KICKED IN FOR YOU AN' YER SPROG, EH? ***EH?***"

...NO.

NO, HE NEVER SAID SHIT ABOUT IT, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

HMH.

COUPLE YEARS BACK, JANINE'S MOM FOUND US AN' CONVINCED A JUDGE TO GIVE HER VISITATION RIGHTS. DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DID IT. DON'T KNOW HOW THE FUCK SHE STILL ***ALIVE,*** UNLESS IT'S THE GODDAMN DEVIL LOOKIN' AFTER HIS OWN.

BUT YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS JANINE HOLDS THAT SHIT OVER ME, EVERY FUCKIN' CHANCE SHE GETS...

D'YOU NO' TELL HER THE BLOODY AWFUL PLACE HER MUM TOOK HER TO, AN' YOU HAD TO RESCUE HER FROM?

YOU AIN'T GOT KIDS, HUGHIE.

GETS SO YOU CAN TELL 'EM YOU READY TO DIE FOR 'EM, AN IT DON'T MEAN SHIT JUST 'CAUSE YOU THE ONE THAT SAID IT.

SO, BUTCHER HEALED UP AN' I STAYED ON THE TEAM, AN' WE SPENT THE NEXT FEW YEARS DOIN' ALL KINDSA NEFARIOUS SHIT. MOSTA IT I GUESS I'M PROUD OF: I MEAN YOU KNOW SUPES, ALL THAT POWER IN THE HANDSA SUCH FUCKIN' RETARDS.

BUT...

"I COULDN'T SEE HOW FUCKIN' WIT' FOOLS LIKE THAT HELPED FIGHT A GODDAMN MULTINATIONAL COMPANY. AN' THAT WAS WHY I GOT INTO THIS SHIT, FOR MOM AN' POPS AN' MICHAEL.

ENCRYPTED FILES
PLEASE ENTER PASSWORD

MUNTER

"FOUR, FIVE YEARS WENT BY, AN' TRUTH BE TOLD...THE JOB WAS BEGINNIN' TO WEAR ME DOWN."

YOU EVER WALK THE BRIDGE? NO, IT WAS DOWN BEFORE YOU COME HERE, RIGHT?

AYE...

THEY PUT IT UP AGAIN, YOU DO IT. START IN BROOKLYN AN' WALK BACK ACROSS.

SEE WHAT YOU SEE.

DUDE

DUDE CAN YOU LIKE

PEOPLE ARE TRYNNA

SO INCONSIDERATE

GONNA DAYDREAM CAN YOU GO AND DO IT

MY KIDS

MY KIDS

MY KIDS! MY KIDS! MY KIIIIIIDS!!

WE GOTTA STOP 'EM, HUGHIE.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FACTORY WORKERS IF THE PLACE IS ALL FUCKED UP WIT' *V?*

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE CITY IF THE SEVEN CAN'T STOP THE PLANE?

WE GOTTA STOP VOUGHT 'CAUSE THEY DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT PEOPLE.

YOU BLAME THEM FOR IT, THEN?

THEM AN' THE SUPES, NO' THE TERRORISTS?

HMH.

STORY A' THE BRIDGE:

MIDDLE A' THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE RIVER'S FREEZIN' UP IN WINTER, AN' THE FERRIES CAN'T GET ACROSS. NEW YORK GONNA NEED A BRIDGE.

CITY HIRES A DUDE CALLED ***JOHN ROEBLING.*** GERMAN, SETTLED IN PENNSYLVANIA. HE DOES THE DESIGNS AN' THEY GO TO WORK.

'CEPT ROEBLING GETS HIS FOOT CRUSHED IN A ACCIDENT. GETS INFECTED.

HE BELIEVES IN SOMETHIN' CALLED ***HYDRATION THERAPY,*** WHERE YOU POUR WATER OVER A OPEN WOUND TO HELP IT HEAL. HE'S DEAD INSIDE A MONTH.

HIS SON WASHINGTON TAKES OVER. HE'S THE ONE TRULY MAKES IT HAPPEN. CITY HALL KEEP LOSIN' THEIR NERVE, DON'T THINK A SUSPENSION BRIDGE IS GONNA WORK, SAY IT'S TAKIN' TOO LONG-- BUT HE SAYS NO. FUCK THAT. WE DOIN' THIS.

THEY SINK THE CAISSONS IN THE RIVER, BROOKLYN END FIRST. CAISSONS'RE THESE KINDA SEALED BOXES GO AT THE BOTTOM A' THE TOWERS, LET THE CREWS GO DOWN AN' DIG THE FOUNDATIONS IN THE RIVER BED.

THEN SOME A' THE GUYS START GETTIN' SICK.

WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS, THEY GETTIN' THE BENDS. AIR PRESSURE AIN'T RIGHT INSIDE THE CAISSON. SOME DUDES END UP CRIPPLED-- SOME JUST DIE.

SO THEY LIMIT THE TIME THEY CAN WORK DOWN THERE, BUT THAT ONLY HELPS A LITTLE BIT. WASHINGTON, HE GOES IN AN' WORKS AS HARD AS ANYONE, HE JUST ABOUT FUCKS HIMSELF UP FOR LIFE.

THEN HIS WIFE EMILY STEPS UP.

SHE SOME KINDA FINE LADY.

LEARNS ENGINEERIN', SO SHE CAN MAKE SURE THEY STICKIN' TO JOHN'S DESIGNS. TAKES OVER FIGHTIN' THE BACKERS, WON'T LET 'EM USE NO SECOND-RATE SHIT DURIN' CONSTRUCTION.

HER AN' WASHINGTON, THEY FINISH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE TOGETHER, AN' THE DAY IT OPENS SHE THE FIRST TO WALK ACROSS.

I BET THAT WAS SOME DAY.

UH-HUH.

TERRORISTS... THEY LIKE A FORCE A' NATURE, HUGHIE.

LONG AS THE WORLD THE WAY IT IS, THEY GONNA BE THERE.

YOU GOT SOMEONE WITH A DREAM.

AN' THEY BUILD SOMETHIN'.

SOMETHIN' MAKES PEOPLE SAY *MY GOD.* SOMETHIN' ***WONDERFUL.***

AN' THEN ALONG COMES SOMEONE WITH A CAUSE, AN' THEY SMASH IT TO THE GROUND.

"AN' WHATEVER YOU PUT UP INSTEAD, THINGS AIN'T NEVER QUITE THE SAME AGAIN."

THE END